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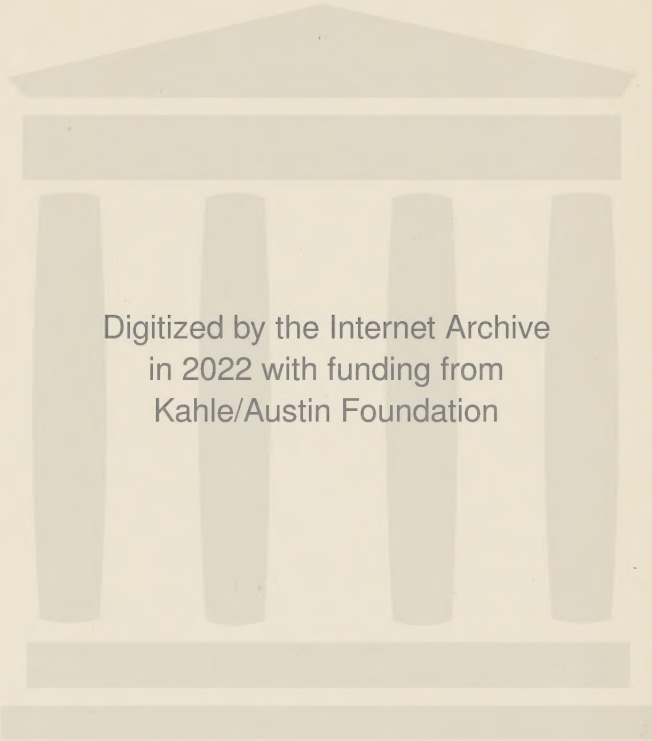
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TOMORROW  
AND OTHER POEMS





# TOMORROW

## AND OTHER POEMS

BY ANNE ARRINGTON TYSON



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## *Two Ships*

Two ships sail from an Unknown Shore;  
Two mystic ships without an oar,  
And one sails east and one sails west;  
They sail on time in solemn quest;  
And one is Death and one is Birth;  
One goes to heaven and one to earth.

Daily, hourly they sail and sail,  
Making the journey without fail!  
In storm or calm, in night or day,  
Silently, swift they sail away.  
No charge, no passport need there be  
When these two Ships put out to sea.

And one goes east where sunbeams rise,  
Glow bright the dawning in the skies;  
And Time seems young with each new day,  
As God's life Ship speeds fast its way;  
Its Captain, Crew, with unseen hands,  
Unload its freight when port it lands.

And one goes west where the tired sun  
Lies down to rest when day is done;  
And bright the moon comes up to beam,  
Like some vestal, with torch agleam,  
To show those Souls, once made of clod,  
The way back Home, the Spirit, God!

Ah, these two Ships, without an oar,  
Will sail and sail forever more;

And on and on, without delay,  
In storm or calm, in night or day;  
And one goes east across the sea,  
And one goes west, Eternity!

## *A Daughter of the Sea*

(Inspired by Botticelli's Birth of Venus)

Fair Eden was an island in the sea,  
With serpent tongue and fatal apple tree,

On bright creation's happy natal morn  
When earth and sky and beast and man were born!

From out deep waters first the island sprung  
Of vivid coral tint, tumultuous flung

Up by the sea before the break of dawn,  
As if it were a child's play-thing, a pawn

To charm its fickle heart, at will caress,  
And lave its rugged shores in playfulness.

Then in the east the sun's first golden beams  
Burst in the skies aglow in fulgent gleams.

And when the mist of dew swift cleared away,  
Lo, there was seen upon the banks at play

A woman, slender as a nymph, a sprite!  
Ah, could she be a spirit of the light

From heaven cast upon the coral strand,  
Belched by the sea, pink shining sand?

On one convulsive, surging, breaking swell  
Of waves 'midst sparkling foam and in a shell

Of opalescent pearl adrift the crest,  
She tossed ashore, in nature's beauty dressed!

That blushing, fragrant morn of blooming spring  
Throbbled wild with joy and birds began to sing

Love songs and brood, and beast and man to find  
For mate a fitting likeness of their kind.

So paradise was done and wondrous gleams  
Of love fired nature's heart with blissful dreams!

From ribs of man she sprung not on that morn;  
A daughter of the sea was woman born!

The mystery was solved by Greeks of old;  
In beauty by a master's brush retold

In Botticelli's Venus' magic birth,  
How lovely woman made her way to earth.

Fair Eve, who ate the apple of the tree,  
Like Venus, was a daughter of the sea!



## *There Is a Smile for Every Tear*

There is a smile for every tear,  
A song of joy for every grief,  
A courage strong for every fear,  
A faith divine for unbelief.

In midst of chaos, toil and strife,  
To fill an arid, vacant space,  
For every death, there is a life  
To carry on the human race.

There is a soul for every soul,  
No matter where it drifts upon;  
Love conquers all and finds the goal;  
Ah, moon for moon and sun for sun!

There's bird for bird and bee for bee  
To sing and build their own love nest;  
And rose for rose and tree for tree  
To blossom, fruit with all the rest.

There is an understanding, bliss  
For every soul, alone, apart,  
A hand for hand and kiss for kiss;  
There is a heart for every heart.

So there's a smile for every tear,  
A song of joy for every grief,  
A courage strong for every fear,  
A faith divine for unbelief!

# *Magdalen*

(In defense of Mary Magdalen)

## I

The sea of Galilee shone molten gold,  
Aglow with sunset jewels wondrous, rays  
Of topaz, beryl, opal, garnet, pearl.  
Ere sinking down to rest in lap of Night,  
The sun kissed warm the green and distant hills,  
And crowned the lowly, noble Nazarene  
With aureole of light and bright fire gems,  
As sitting in the midst of multitudes,  
He preached to them and spake his parables.  
'Twas long before his death he taught them there  
Beside the sea, the mighty throngs that came  
To him. He taught them God, beautiful truth,  
His deep, infinite love for all the world,  
His grace, compassion sweet and mercy full  
For erring, fallen ones gone far astray.  
And, as he spake these things, the maimed and blind,  
The sick and those with unclean spirits came  
To him to make them whole and purify.  
Sad women, sore distressed and demon-cursed,  
Before him knelt, besought his mercy kind.  
Among them one was Mary Magdalen,  
Of vivid beauty, sylph-like grace and charm,  
Before him cringed, then prostrate fell, tight clasped  
His knees, her hair about her nimbus gold,  
She prayed, beseeching him to make her whole,

For she was ill, aye, ill and mentally;  
Her mind did wander wild, for she was *mad!*  
Thus prone upon the ground she lay in tears,  
Close to the Master's feet. The multitude  
Rebuked and sought to shove her far from him,  
But Jesus stayed and said: "Nay, let her be,"  
Then gently bending low, he laid his hand  
Soft on her hair, his virtue holy, sweet,  
Forth issued from his heart and straightway healed,  
Restored her mind. *Lo, Magdalen was well!*

## II

The earth quaked wide; its great heart broke with pain;  
The lightning ceased and stars were hid; the sun  
Shone not; the moon did veil her face, tear-stained;  
And sweet young flowers drooped, wept tears of dew.  
A pall of Hadean darkness wrapped the world;  
And people gnashed their teeth and cried aloud  
Like mad; they were affrighted so and ran;  
Aye, men and women fled till all were gone  
Save one, a woman prostrate at the cross.  
She wept, aye, wept for him, her blessed Lord;  
Him who was born beneath the stars, a King,  
A King without a crown and purple robes!  
They knew not that his kingdom was the heart,  
But him they scourged and hanged upon the cross  
To die a shameful death with thieves beside.  
The *Romans* nailed his hands, his feet, and slashed  
His side with sword till blood did trickle slow  
And sprinkle red the ground like ruby drops;  
And galled his lips with bitter, nauseous drink,

Then watched him die in torture, agony;  
First martyr of his cause, the Christian faith!  
*The pagans crucified, put him to death*  
*Because he was a Jew, not of their race*  
*And creed, prayed not to gods, false deities,*  
*Nay sacrificed to Jupiter and Mars;*  
*But taught one God for all, supreme, divine.*  
They wanted not a doctrine new and strange,  
Religion full of awe and mystery;  
But scorned a change and scoffed at Christian creed,  
And clung to the old worship of the gods.  
So Jesus died, unshaken in his faith  
In One who was then known yet unknown God.  
'Twas sin against Mosaic law for Jews  
To put to death; upon the sacred mount  
'Twas writ in stone by God, "Thou shalt not kill!"  
God would not let His chosen ones commit  
This thing, to crucify the sainted Christ,  
But let, aye, left it for the devil's own,  
The *Roman* soldiers, beastlike, truculent;  
For Pilate stayed them not, nay, raised his hand.  
The power was his, for he was governor;  
Yet being weak, afraid, he used it not.  
Lay not the crucifixion on the Jews;  
Nay, blame them not, for they did not the deed!  
Base Gentiles crucified, aye, did the act  
Because he preached one God above them all,  
Supreme, divine, potent, immutable,  
And worshipped not their satyrs, nymphs and fauns.  
'Twas done by wicked men with callous souls  
Who went away with laughter in their hearts  
And gloating of the deed, while she alone

Lay there in grief, her arms about the tree,  
The Magdalen bowed, clinging to the cross!

### III

'Twas early yet; stars, pale as Pleiades,  
Had scarce flashed out God's wonder-heart of blue;  
The dew bright glistered gems most beautiful;  
Dim twilight shadows, misty, gray and light,  
As clouds of Proserpine's soft bridal veil,  
Stole flitting by like sylvan sprites, for gules,  
Blood-red, as scarlet gems, gleamed in the east;  
A day, sweet, fresh and young was being born;  
Lo! bursting forth from fair Aurora's womb!  
'Twas Easter dawn and beauty's heart glowed bright,  
And blossomed things most sweet and wonderful.  
She came, a woman gracile as the fawn,  
And fair as lily lips begemmed with dew.  
Her hair fell waving richly Venus gold,  
Like some spun veil of misty purple flame.  
'Twas Mary of Magdala, scorned, reviled,  
The woman out of whom seven devils went.  
She came to tend the body of the Christ  
With costly ointment, spices precious, rare;  
To place sweet Easter lilies in the tomb;  
And weeping stood without the sepulchre,  
Then, looking up, she was affrighted so,  
For lo! the guards were fled, the stone rolled back!  
Bare was the tomb, the linen laid aside.  
She turned to flee when voices checked her flight.  
Behold two angels, white as driven snow,  
And shining as the stars, did speak to her!

“Woman, why weepest thou? And whom seek ye?”  
“They’ve borne my Lord away. I know not where  
He is,” and speaking thus, she turned and spied  
The Christ a little way from her, yet knew  
Him not but thought he was the gardener.  
Then Jesus faced about and saith to her, “Woman,  
Why weepest thou? Whom dost thou seek?” And she  
Not knowing him, said, weepingly, “O sir,  
If thou have borne him hence, pray tell me where  
Thou hast laid him that I may take away.”  
Then Jesus smiled and gently saith, “Mary.”  
One sweetly silent moment fraught with joy  
The world’s heart throbbed with something new and glad!  
The sun soft turned the trees and flowers to gold;  
And little birds sang joyous rhapsodies.  
Ah, when he spake her name, the woman knew;  
Beheld his face transcendent, beautiful,  
Transfigured with the holy light from God;  
Straightway she fell upon the ground and cried;  
With breaking sob, “Rabboni! Rabboni!”

#### IV

When in her perfect mind, rejoicing glad,  
She loved him with her heart and went about  
With him among the poor and doing good,  
And aiding him in noble ministry.  
Then at the crucifixion hour she came;  
Alone, grief-stricken at the cross she stood,  
And gave all that she had, her heart of tears.



*At Easter dawn, first at the sepulchre;  
The first to speak to him when newly risen;  
The first to give the message to the world!*  
This *Magdalen*, this woman honored most,  
Best loved of Christ, the holy man of God.  
Magdala was all this, yea, noble, good.  
*Because insane, possessed of fancies wild  
And free, and dreams and strange imaginings,*  
This woman, golden pure as vestal fire,  
Men said she sinned, she knew not chastity!  
And branded her with false, eternal curse;  
And cast her with the sinners, wretched, lost,  
Degraded, scorned, unpardoned, unredeemed;  
Yea, pitilessly bruising her with stones,  
And tearing out her heart, her very soul  
With cruel gibes and most remorselessly,  
Till now her name is synonyme of shame.  
They lied, gross falsified, unjustly charged!  
*No record stands of her a sinner bold!*  
O innocence, white as God's edelweiss,  
Forsook by all save one, the Nazarene!  
O woman, wronged, unjustly, basely wronged!  
Despised, condemned, yet famed throughout the world  
By poets mighty, painters great and small;  
*Defended not by one among them all!*  
Perhaps unto the end a woman scorned,  
Unexculpated, thou, O *Magdalen*!  
Woe unto them who grossly sinned, defiled,  
Thy name, for ages, trampled in the dust,  
Converted purest snow to crimson blood!  
God cleanse, God vindicate, before the world,

From stain and false report, thou spotless one,  
That men may know, and honor, reverence thee!  
God bless, exonerate, God crown with love,  
O Magdalen, thee in thy chastity!

## *My Organ Dream*

(Lines on hearing Handel's Messiah)

Alone he sits in the old loft,  
The master, waiting, pensive, mute,  
Then breathlessly and faintly soft,  
Like silvery tones of some old flute,  
The organ sighs, breathes out its heart,  
Its thousand voices singing low.  
My soul awakes with one sweet start,  
Then listens; the theme at first 'tis slow;  
Then gurgles faint like little streams,  
'Mid purple shadows, seaward bent.  
Mine eye-lids close; violet dreams  
And visions come, bright heaven sent.

### II

In dreams I see the shadows steal  
Away like sprites of moss and wood;  
The twilight sky of dawn reveal  
Bright gules and ruby gems. Then stood  
I still, while stars burn low; the day  
Bursts golden bright, tumultuous, wild,  
With beauty, wondrous, joyous, gay;  
For unto us is born a child  
To be our Lord, our Master, King!  
Softly I hear the Virgin's song;  
The chimes peal forth, in gladness ring;  
See near him kneel the shepherd throng.

### III

A chord bursts forth in thunderous tone;  
My dream has changed; behold I see  
The babe a man and hear him groan,  
Cry to his God upon the tree!  
The dark enfolds like Hadean mist,  
And wraps the world in mystery;  
The lightning gleams zigzag; and list!  
The thunder moans in agony!  
'Tis on the mount of blood I stand  
With Magdalen and Mother saint;  
My head is bent; I grip my hand;  
I hear him sigh; I see him faint!

### IV

I dream again, a joyous dream;  
List; 'tis the trill of some skylark!  
I see the glow, the golden gleam  
Of Resurrection out of dark!  
From out the night, the fear, the gloom,  
Like some white lily buried deep,  
Yet lifts its head from midnight tomb,  
So Jesus bursts the bonds of sleep!  
I see him there in raiment white;  
And hear the chimes ring sweet and dim;  
Behold his face with holy light;  
I see Magdala speak to him!

## V

The spell is broke; the organ sighs  
And gurgles sweet, then murmurs soft;  
The tear drops slow; the echo dies;  
'The master in the organ loft  
Sits still, his hands yet 'pon the keys,  
His head bowed low and mine own, too;  
The sweet and wondrous melodies  
Still singing in my heart to woo  
Me back into the land of dreams.  
Once more I hear the infant's wail;  
Once more I see the bright star gleams;  
Once more behold the holy Grail!

## *Birth of Rain*

(Cinquain)

Gray mist,  
An argent sea,  
Then sunbeams dip and dive  
And steal bright pearl drops from the sea  
For Earth!



# *The Little Magic Boat*

(Sleepy-time Song)

Come, board your little boat, my dear,  
That lies in wait down at the pier;  
Your magic boat all shining new,  
And painted red and white and blue.

Its little sails are white as snow;  
Its little sailors long to go;  
The captain's spoke, prompt man is he,  
When it is time to put to sea.

The night is still and soft winds blow;  
The sea is calm and moonbeams glow;  
And "All is well!" the sailors say  
When your small boat sails far away

To magic lands where goblins stay,  
And old Mother Goose's children play;  
And Riding Hood and Jack and Jill  
Go running up and down the hill;

And Boy Blue blows his little horn,  
And tends the cows among the corn;  
And Cinderella's lost her shoe;  
All love their toys just as you do!

So board your magic boat of dreams  
While it is bright, in newness beams;

Don't wait too long; soon 'twill be old;  
Far out at sea 'twill drift and mould.

You'll wonder why your boat once new  
Will nevermore come back to you;  
Your little boat that sails and gleams,  
Your magic boat of childhood dreams!

## *Democracy*

Goodbye, old world, goodbye!  
You're dying in your tears and in your blood;  
Your monarchs and your kings  
Are dead! Sweet freedom rings  
Across the seas and human brotherhood;  
Yea, out of dead empires republics rise  
To wave their banners to the skies!

Goodbye, old world, goodbye!  
Your one man's tyranny and sway  
Are trampled in the dust;  
Your sword and crown shall rust!  
A people's creed is born anew this day;  
DEMOCRACY, supreme, from sea to sea,  
The motto over all the world shall be!

Goodbye, old world, goodbye!  
We weep not for you in your stricken hour;  
Not one requiem sung,  
Nor cathedral bell is rung,  
Nor candles burn, nor fragrant flower  
Commemorate your death in bloody sod!  
We sing and march to liberty and God!

## *My Sweet Old Valentine*

In blissful retrospection sweet,  
The fire-light red and low,  
I dream of youthful fancies fleet,  
Of dim long, long ago.

I dream when she and I first spoke  
Of love, ecstatic bliss,  
And sweet emotion stirred, awoke  
Our hearts at love's young kiss.

We stood beneath the apple boughs,  
Alone, just she and I,  
And plighted troth and sacred vows,  
Under the great blue sky.

'Twas early spring and daffodils  
Flashed out in yellow gleams;  
And love echoed from all the hills,  
Waking the world to dreams.

And mocking bird, in modest gray,  
Trilled softly to his mate  
To love, 'twas valentine's sweet day,  
Singing, "Don't wait, don't wait!"

The years are passed, my youth is flown  
My hair is silver now;  
But love has deeper, stronger grown  
With wrinkles in my brow.

The roses, too, have left her face;  
Her hair is turning gray;  
And she has lost that girlish grace  
Since that valentine's day.

I love her now as I did then,  
Beneath the apple boughs,  
On that bright day in spring-time when  
We plighted love's sweet vows.

And my old heart still throbs and sighs  
With that same love of mine;  
Whene'er I look into her eyes,  
My sweet old valentine.

## *Fire in Heaven*

"There ain't no fire in heaven, Joe!"  
Said Jim. "You won't hear that old bell!  
There ain't no use for you to go  
Up there; the place for you is hell!"

Main Street is paved with onyx, gold;  
And all the buildings sure fire proof!  
You won't go out when nights are cold  
And climb up ladders to the roof

To crawl through smoke that's thick and black,  
And snuff out flames red sucking holes!  
St. Peter, grim, will turn you back,  
Say: 'Go to hell and save men's soul's!' "

So when Joe's soul took flight one night,  
Through smoke and flames fierce raging wild,  
He went to death in his last fight,  
But saved, unharmed, a little child!

And when he reached the other Sphere  
And sounded loud the front-door bell,  
St. Peter said: "There's no fire here!"  
And sent him straight right down to hell!

"What do you mean," the devil said,  
When he had answered prompt the bell,  
"By coming here? We are not *dead*!  
Go back to heaven! This is hell!"



Brave Joe did not a moment lose,  
But turned alarm the huge fire bell;  
With engines pumping, switched the hose  
And flooding waters put out hell!

And when once more at heaven's gate,  
He stood and heard the harp and bells,  
St. Peter smiled, in robes of state,  
And crowned him with bright immortelles!

## *The Shattered Lily*

A woman there, a fragile thing,  
Her hair so soft, like summer's gold,  
And 'neath her eyes a purple ring,  
Deep shadows, mark of sorrow told.

Tight in her arms, close to her breast,  
Held she her babe, a lifeless clod;  
Its breath gone out, gone to its rest,  
A little snow-flake sent from God.

Her face was white, and worn and grave,  
Indented lines of servitude;  
For she was now imprisoned slave;  
White slave abused by rough and rude.

A farmer's daughter she had been;  
Sweet Freida of the clover bloom,  
Gay nymph of woods and meadow green,  
Of blossoms bright and rare perfume.

With little lambs and butterflies  
She'd played beside the summer streams;  
She'd watched the glow in twilight skies,  
Soft rainbow tints and pale moonbeams.

Then came the slaver, base and bold,  
Who coaxed, enticed, decoyed, beguiled  
Her to depart her father's fold;  
This ardent, artless, trusting child.

A father's tender love had known,  
And felt the shadow of his wing;  
But now outcast, reviled, alone,  
She knew the bitter serpent's sting!

Her soul flame-scorched, body in pain,  
Her eyes tear-wet and red and dim,  
Her life ebb'd low where love was vain;  
And all because she trusted him!

He told her of the city's glare,  
Its beauty, charm and life astir;  
She knew not 'twas the devil's snare  
To ruin, barter, prison her!

A woman's love, a woman's soul,  
A sweet young heart unstained by tears,  
Ah, traded, sold like common toll  
To waste her youth, her tender years!

Bright visions gone, her woman's dreams  
Of bliss and faith in manly pride;  
She was adrift in turbid streams,  
Unsought, unloved, unmade a bride!

Go back to him, her father's heart,  
The home she loved, the things that were?  
She would not go; they were apart,  
The life once sweet, so dear to her.

Oh, years that were and years that are,  
And years to come with nothing new;

No ray of hope, no glint of star,  
But only little drops of dew!

A fresh young lily, fair as dawn,  
And white as snow, once kissed the sun;  
But now 'twas crushed, its perfume gone,  
And leaves shattered; its day was done!

With tearful eyes, with fond caress,  
She laid her babe on pillows white;  
Then drank the liquid colorless,  
Beseeching love, compassion, light.

"O God, forgive and pity all!  
Condone the wrong, the dreadful sin;  
Come close to me, lift from the fall;  
Ope Heaven's gates and let me in!"

The woman sighed, closed wearied eyes;  
Then fell asleep to see the gem  
Gleam goldenly in opal skies,  
The wondrous star of Bethlehem!

## *Love in a Tangle*

The world is in a tangle  
With Love the master-man,  
'Twining his threads about you,  
Catching you if he can!

The dew glints bright the sunlight  
And flashes back to you;  
While night catches the star-gleams  
And fastens them in the blue.

Love in a tangle, (hay vine)  
With tendrils fine and gold,  
Circles the trees and hedges,  
In love embrace to hold.

The bee drinks deep sweet honey  
From out the heart of Rose,  
And Butterfly makes merry  
With Jasmine as he goes.

The waves are all aglimmer  
When Sun dips in the sea,  
Kissing it warm with roses  
And blushing back to lea.

So Nature's full of heart-throbs  
And love and poet themes  
On through the gamut primal  
To man and woman's dreams.

The world is in a tangle  
With Love the master-man,  
'Twining his threads about you,  
Catching you if he can!

## *Clematis*

O Clematis, in wedding gown  
And bridal veil of starry lace,  
That white enfolds you, hanging down  
And softly falls about your face!

You come in summer's burst and glow  
Of beauty wondrous, gay and bright;  
When skies are blue and green things grow  
And jeweled fire-flies dance at night,

To bring a message far and wide  
Of nuptial faith and love untold;  
Bid man and woman, groom and bride  
Wed just for love and not for gold!

Ah, come always in summer's glow,  
Dear Flower in your bridal state,  
And breathe your message sweet and low  
To lovers all and bid them mate!

## *Ode to a Mocking Bird*

All hail, blithe songster of the South,  
Gay warbler of the rolling hills  
And verdant fields! From thy sweet mouth  
Sing rhapsodies and gurgling trills,  
Like limpid streams that ripple soft  
'Mid cooling shadows of the vale;  
Thou peer of skylark soaring loft,  
And silvery-throated nightingale!

Art imitator thou and shrewd,  
Skilled mimic of thy singing herd,  
Gay little cheat and fellow rude,  
For shame, thou thievish mocking bird!  
And yet, consummate artist thou,  
And skilled and perfect melodist;  
We will forget, forgive, allow  
Thy seeming theft, sweet plagiarist!

Capricious fellow thou and gay,  
Careering ever on the wing;  
Thy Quaker dress of modest gray  
Belies thy heart; that man-like thing,  
Inconstancy dwells in thy breast,  
While thy own loving, trusting mate  
Coos to thy young in the home nest;  
'Tis the eternal female fate!

Sweetening singer of the Southland gay,  
Where flowers, fruit, and lake and stream,  
And sparkling waterfall and spray



Murmur of love, in romance dream,  
Pour out thy rhapsodies in song;  
Sing to the everlasting hills,  
And let them echo all day long,  
And we'll forgive thy faults and ills!

O spirit of the South divine,  
O singer of the wood and dale,  
Where grow the rose and columbine,  
Thou peer of lark and nightingale,  
Lend forth thy voice in perfect note;  
Sing in thy rapt ecstasy, sing,  
O thou in dark modest gray coat,  
Bird of the South, bird of the spring!

## *A Little White Rose*

(Song)

A little white rose drooped, sighed to be won;  
The wind and dew  
Came where it grew,  
But it sighed for a kiss of the sun.

The little white rose, with a tear and a sigh,  
Faded away  
At close of day  
When the sun went down out of the sky.

'Twas only a rose blooming sweet all alone,  
Longing for bliss,  
The sun's love kiss,  
To the end of its being full blown.

Oh, the roses and hearts, nobody knows,  
That wither, die,  
Their dead leaves lie,  
For a kiss and a prayer, dear little white rose!

## *Moon-time*

Night-time, moon-time,  
Beams that trail and glow;  
Rose-time, June-time,  
Winds that sail and blow;

Youth-time, dove time,  
Birds that coo and wing;  
Dream-time, love-time,  
Hearts that woo and sing.

## *My Lady of the Skies*

Lone Moon, most radiant, inconstant Moon,  
Are you some faithless siren of the night,  
Fair Loreli of iridescent clouds,  
Caressing soft with moonbeam fingertips  
And kissing Undine waves of rippling seas,  
Enticing tides, beguiling Ocean's heart;  
And then pursuing bold the sun from night  
To night on down the ages yet to come,  
Through spangled space of stars and sky  
That circle worlds unto eternity?

Or can you be, O pale and pensive Moon,  
One mother of the stars that laugh and blink  
Their sparkling baby eyes at you enthroned  
Among the clouds, Madonna of the skies?

Ah, what are you, O Moon, capricious Moon,  
Bright silver Moon, my lady of the skies?

## *The Man in the Moon*

Last night I watched you as you passed my door;  
You seemed a dreaming naiad in the mist,  
So cool, so calm in argent beauty gleams;  
And all alone you were, yet unafraid,  
Though it were late, way past the midnight hour,  
And darkness held the world in close embrace!  
Pray, what are you, O Moon? Ah, can it be,  
In ages gone, your lover played you false,  
And thus forsaken, you became a nun,  
A silent, lone wandering acolyte?  
And yet I saw a man's face smile at you!

## *Another Day*

God gives to us another day  
To work, to win, to sing a song;  
Repent, achieve, and clean away  
The stain of sin and right a wrong.

Be not content to brood and wait,  
Condemn the world and meanly say;  
"There is no love," and cherish hate,  
When God unveils another day.

If failures come and things and you  
Seem drifting on the downward way,  
Be strong of heart, be brave, for through  
The night breaks forth another day!

Another day to bless and love,  
Another day to hope and smile,  
Another day our mettle prove,  
And make a record new, worth while.

Another day to see the sun!  
To strive to reach the goal, though far;  
Another chance a race to run,  
To look above and find a star!

O sinner turn, O sinner rise!  
And sit not still in dirt and slime;  
Beyond the past the future lies;  
Go forward with the wheels of time!

Go forth and find and run your race,  
And do the best whate'er you can;  
Some day you'll meet God face to face  
Who'll reckon with and judge the man.

## *There is a Love for Every Heart*

There is a love for every heart,  
Somewhere, my dear,  
That throbs and sings;  
One rare heart kiss,  
An hour of bliss,  
Floating entranced on golden wings.

There is a moon for every night,  
Somewhere, my dear,  
In darkest dell,  
That shimmers through  
A mist of blue,  
Like some bright fairy's magic spell.

There is a song for every soul,  
Somewhere, my dear,  
That sighs and swells,  
'Midst toil and tears,  
On through the years,  
Bringing its joy like evening bells.

There is a flower for every world,  
Somewhere, my dear,  
That coldest breath,  
'Tis even so,  
Of ice and snow,  
Can blight its beauty not in death!



## *The Gift*

The gift I gave,  
You spurned, passed by;  
Forsaken so,  
You let it die.  
You thought it worthless, small;  
'Twas love I gave,  
The richest gift of all!

## *I Miss You So!*

Since you have gone, my days are turned to night;  
My heart, once in content, holds only pain;  
I miss you so, your voice, your smile, the light  
In your deep eyes; I want you back again  
To feel you close beside, so near, so near,  
To clasp your hand, to see you smile once more,  
And hear you speak of love from lips so dear  
To me, bring joy I never knew before!

Ah, if you come not back in body clay,  
Perchance, as some bright spirit, joyous, free,  
Like iridescent cloud of heavenly ray  
On wings of love, you will float down to me,  
Or song of lark, from silvery, airy nest,  
Or rose incense, to dwell inside my breast.

## *Truth*

(A Prisoner's Prayer)

Forsake me not, O Lord, in guilt! By men  
Imprisoned in a dungeon cell so bare  
And cold, I shiver in the darkness there!  
Sometimes the moonbeams shimmer in and then  
Stars twinkle down between the bars and when  
I see their light and watch the morning fair  
Break through the night, I know that yonder where  
The rays of heaven rift the shadowed glen

Of billowed clouds and steal away to earth,  
You, Lord, will flay no man beyond his sin!  
I ask not for my wasted years and youth!  
Ah, You, o SOUL, can only know my worth!  
I ask not love, nor pity, faith to win;  
But show me Truth, then *all* will come with Truth!

## *Why Dwell on Death?*

Why dwell on death when life is at your feet?  
Why cry of dark when light gleams in the sky?  
Why cling to grief when joy, a thing so sweet,  
And love, like peris bright wait standing by  
To bid you pass beyond the gates ajar  
And enter Eden where blue pansies bloom,  
And myrtle trees caress the hills afar,  
And roses, daffodils, scent wild perfume?

Behold Infinite Birth who gives unseen,  
Her magic power of life to worlds that be;  
Creates the rocks, and paints the grasses green;  
And ebbs and flows the mighty tides of sea;  
And lights the moon, the stars, the sun! In earth,  
Why dwell on death when always there is Birth?

## *You Came and Found My Hiding Place*

Lo, Birth, you came and found my hiding place!  
And quickened and awakened me from where  
I lay asleep unknown, so still and bare!  
You warmed my soul and brought me face to face  
With earth and men and things and finite space!  
Ah, Birth, how did you know and find me there?  
And was I in the sky where comets flare  
Their light across the world with silver grace?

Or was I in the sun, or golden moon?  
Or hidden where grim shadows interlace  
Of laurel trees that fringed some deep lagoon?  
Or in the sea where fishes swim apace?  
And was it night or dawn you found me soon?  
I wonder where you found my hiding place!

## *If Life Be But a Dream*

In marshy places burns an errant flame.  
Jack-with-a-lantern bright perchance I see!  
A passing dream, I wonder; can it be  
Just Fancy playing once her mystic game,  
And I shall wake and find myself to blame?  
A fleeting phantom sprite enticing me  
In vain pursuit where lies Eternity,  
And ends in misty nothing, only name!

A cloud of beauty coming at sunrise  
And fading soft away in twilight gleams;  
Shut not the vision out darkly from mine eyes;  
If life be nothing more, illusion seem,  
O Flame die not in yon horizon skies!  
Then let me dream, if life be but a dream!

## *The Noble Pilot*

(To Woodrow Wilson)

“Stay, pilot, stay, the storm against the keel  
Is lashing wild; the sea, in mighty swell,  
In fury rages like some demon spell  
To claim our souls!” the mate cried in appeal.  
Unchanged the pilot stood and waited woe or weal,  
And dauntless spoke: “Fear not, mate, all is well!”  
In terror mate and crew sought to rebel  
Against their loyal pilot at the wheel!

But when the morning sun in glory gleamed,  
And storm clouds, like dark evil spirits fled,  
The keel sailed on, in fulgent beauty beamed;  
Still at the wheel he stood and gazed ahead,  
With eyes intent, aglow, as if he dreamed;  
“Calm seas are ours!” the noble pilot said.

# *Gee, Ain't I'm Glad Me Wasn't Adam*

(Child's Poem)

Gee, ain't I'm glad me wasn't Adam,  
'Cause he didn't have no love an' joy,  
He didn't have no pa an' ma;  
An' say, he wasn't born a boy!

He jest came grown right from the start,  
A great big man so straight an' tall;  
He didn't have the fun boys have,  
An' didn't know nothin' at all!

He never went to school a day,  
Or played base-ball, or rode a bike,  
Or shot fire-crackers on the Fourth,  
Or went afishin', on a hike.

He didn't hang his stockin' up  
For dear old Santa Claus to fill  
With goodies on a Chris'mas eve,  
When ev'rything was dark an' still.

He didn't have no lovin' ma  
To kiss an' hug him awful tight,  
An' dress him clean, an' hear his prayers,  
An' tuck him in most ev'ry night.

He didn't have no great big dad  
To give him things an' scold to bed;



Read funny stories out of books;  
An' make him work till mostest dead!

He didn't have no sho' 'nough girl  
To pesterlate with a love-lick;  
He had jest Eve who let him eat  
Green sour apples that made him sick!

I'm sorry for old Adam, sure!  
He died without a bit of fun!  
He left his little garden, too,  
Jest 'cause he wasn't a daddy's son!

Gee, ain't I'm glad me wasn't Adam.  
He didn't have no love an' joy;  
Gosh, he don't know what he did miss  
Jest 'cause he wasn't born a boy!

## *Holy Love*

The world is full of holy love,  
If we but only knew;  
It emanates from God above  
To bless both me and you.

The sky's great heart, so pure, so deep,  
Folds all in tender blue;  
The stars, God's eyes that never sleep,  
Shine forth for me and you.

The winds, in accents soft and low,  
Whisper the story, too;  
And tears of mercy gently flow  
In rain for me and you.

Love, sparkles in the sunbeams gold  
When Mother-Earth they woo;  
And like a veil of shining fold  
It shelters me and you.

God's holy love is everywhere;  
It shimmers in the dew;  
It blossoms in the roses fair  
That bloom for me and you.

## *Rise and Set*

Each star must set; each star must rise  
And shed its lustre in evening skies;  
'Tis for a time, just for a space,  
Then shimmers out and hides its face.

A skylark soaring far among  
The clouds, trills bright his golden song;  
Then back to earth he dumbly flies,  
Rhapsody hushed from out the skies.

Pink Malmaison! sweet lovely flower  
Unfolds its heart and lives its hour  
To beautify this world of man,  
Fulfilling Nature's perfect plan

A blade of grass, a drop of dew,  
A jasmine flower, a cloud of blue,  
A silver mist, an evening sky  
Must glow and fade as you and I.

## *Idle Angels*

In heaven idle angels sing  
In golden mansions in the sky,  
And do naught while they play and wing  
But watch poor earthly mortals die!

And changeless, shiftless? God forbid!  
Monotonous eternity!  
In earth's scenes I would stay amid;  
Dull heaven is no place for me!

I would be where great Builders are  
Who create beauty far below;  
Where cosmic Workers make a star,  
And Painters paint a sunset glow.

Stark pagan rites I would pursue;  
Be infidel with heart and mind,  
Than sit 'mid heaven's chosen few,  
With idle angels and their kind.

And smiling at a sinner's tears,  
A wretched mortal's shame and pain,  
Condemn for ageless, joyless years  
To wear the scarlet letter stain!

Ah, pity, love, are never shown  
By idle angels, who apart,  
In joy surround the gilded throne,  
For one lone stricken, fallen heart!

With Magdalen, I fain would be,  
And thirsting Dives all alone,  
Than pass my long eternity  
With heartless angels near the throne!

I fain would be a human where  
Poor broken-hearted sinners dwell,  
Than be with idle angels there  
And looking down on them in hell!

## *The Kiss*

“A kiss, a kiss, my love, my Isabel!”  
Young Pietro cried and begged an immortelle  
For love’s sweet sake, as in the gardens there  
On Arno’s placid banks, they watched most fair,  
Bright colored boats ply up and down the stream.  
The festal day, now passed, seemed but a dream  
To Pietro gay and joyous Isabel.  
Soon they must part and bid each sad farewell!  
The bells of Santa Croce chimed the hour,  
And sweet echoing bells in Giotto’s tower.  
In Arno’s depths aglow like gold fire-flies,  
Lights peered and burned as young Narcissus’ eyes.  
’Twas twilight and the river mirrored soft  
Pale opalescent tints from skies aloft,  
In limpid waters flowing to the sea.  
A crescent moon shone down in argent glee,  
And dipped her fingers in a fountain spray  
That sparkled like lithe water nymphs at play.  
’Twas warm June time and flowers were in bloom,  
And scented gardens with their rich perfume.  
Impulsive Isabel had wove with care  
A wreath of scarlet poppies in her hair.  
Black shining tresses she had loosed and flung  
About her shoulders, down to her waist and hung.  
Deft in her lover’s silken shirt lapel,  
With fingers white, she placed an immortelle.  
“Ah, ’tis for love, my own sweet Isabel!”  
He cried for joy and kissed the immortelle,  
As on the fountain’s narrow marble rim,  
They sat in ecstasy; she smiled at him.

Then swift he caught her in love's frantic bliss,  
And held her close, and long imprinted kiss  
Upon her fragrant lips, like roses pressed,  
And crushed her soft against his pulsing breast.  
And when the bells rang out and softly died,  
Fair Isabel looked up at him and sighed,  
And gazed into her lover's glowing eyes,  
Dark dreaming eyes; she heard his heaving sighs.  
His trembling lips again breathed love and bliss.  
"Another kiss," he begged, "Another kiss!"  
And unrestrained, she yielding, happy stole  
Into his arms and lips on lips and soul  
To soul, they murmured love, then Pietro fell  
From her. "*Addio*," whispered he in haste farewell.  
"No, Pietro, no!" she pleaded sad and low.  
She caught his hands and would not let him go.  
"Depart not yet and have not anxious fear.  
My husband's gone and he is far from here.  
He will not yet be back till morrow late."  
She spoke in vibrant tones of strident hate.  
"Ah, Pietro, *mio*, do not now be gone!  
Pray do not leave me here and all alone!"  
But he had fled, had vanished like moonbeams  
That play at hide and seek with clouds in dreams.  
"Oh, Pietro, Pietro, love!" she cried in vain.  
He answered not. In deepest anguish, pain,  
Her temples throbbed, and fearfully she pressed  
Her hands against her heart that in her breast  
Beat wild as if to find escape, be free  
As gorgeous butterflies that flit in glee  
From rose to rose and knowing naught save bliss.  
Then Isabel heard once again, "A kiss,

My love, a kiss!" in tones that put to flight  
Her dreams and filled her with a chilling fright.  
Ah, 'twas not Pietro gay, her love who spoke;  
Paolo, 'twas, her husband grim who broke  
The balmy stillness of the summer night.  
The crescent moon shone down with pallid light,  
Like some lone virgin shy of love and pale.  
A hidden silvery-throated nightingale  
Trilled plaintively a love song in farewell.  
"Oh, come, what means this silence, Isabel?"  
Paolo spoke in tones of suave command.  
He moved toward her and caught her trembling hand.  
She did not flinch, nor draw her hand away,  
But smiled. The game was up and she would play  
It to the end, serene, finesse with care!  
She tore the scarlet poppies from her hair,  
And let them fall down at her feet, deep red;  
The heat had wilted them, for they were dead!  
"Paolo, *mio*, how you frightened me!"  
She laughed and said. "I thought you would not be  
Back quite so soon! You played a little ruse  
On your adoring Isabel! I choose,  
Paolo, *mio*, to forget! You know  
My heart! It beats alone for *you*! I love you so!  
You said you would return tomorrow late."  
"Sweet Isabel, my coming, do you hate,  
And swift returning home before you knew?"  
He asked, and restless quite he thought she grew.  
"No, no, my love," in haste she answered him.  
The brightness in her eyes went misty dim  
By tears that shone upon her cheek like dew  
Upon a crimson rose. She smiled and drew



Near him, then stole into his close embrace,  
And laid her fair young cheek against his face.  
He held her fast, in flaming passion pressed  
Her slender form against his throbbing breast.  
And as she lay within his circling arm,  
She felt his lips on hers so warm, *so warm!*  
Then swift about her throat his fingers stole  
Like serpent coils and strangled out her soul!  
She did not struggle once within his grasp.  
He killed her as he would a stinging asp!  
She gave a little sigh, one last faint breath,  
Then dropped down at his feet and lay in death!  
'Twas not a moment of deep ardent bliss  
When his lips met on hers in that last kiss!

## *Tomorrow*

Tomorrow is a laggard day,  
And never dawns when it is due;  
The day always after today  
Is ever coming, facing you.

Why does it loiter on the way  
Behind a dying setting sun?  
Ah, far too fleet is just Today  
For many things are left undone!

Tomorrow never brings the rain!  
Tomorrow's sun in fulgence beams;  
Tomorrow never sends a pain;  
Tomorrow is the day of dreams.

Tomorrow is the day to build.  
To plan and hope and love, it seems;  
The day of days to have fulfilled  
The fairest dream of all our dreams!

Tomorrow never bids farewell!  
The coming day, forever late,  
Will always beckon and foretell;  
Tomorrow is the day of Fate!

Tomorrow is the brightest day  
Of all the days when life is done;  
Tomorrow never dims the way  
And dies not with the dying sun!

So when Today has come and gone;  
And Night wings down and life seems done,  
Forget not that, with coming dawn,  
Tomorrow waits behind the sun!

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